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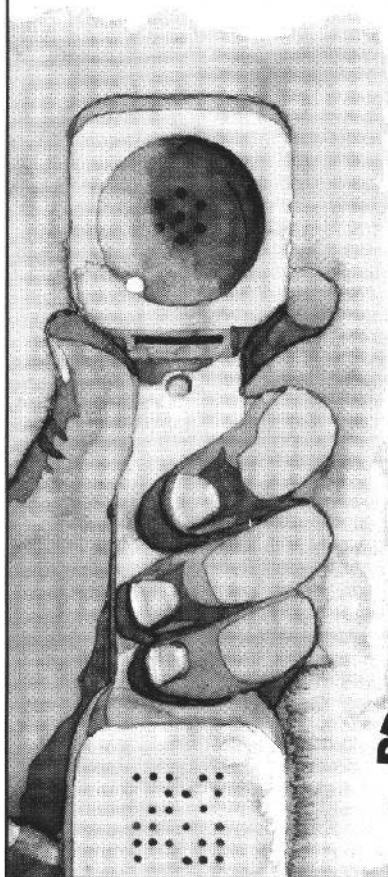
In addition, and perhaps more importantly, you can support turfgrass research. We currently cannot answer all of the pesticide questions posed by either pesticide users or anti-pesticide environmentalists. Only through research can we find the answers necessary to satisfy both groups. Future research activities will bring about new, effective, and safe pesticides, as well as new turfgrasses that are more tolerant to environmental and pest stresses. By supporting university research programs you can assist this process. When properly supported, university researchers can evaluate turfgrass pesticides and turfgrass cultivars. In addition, university researchers can add to our pest-control alternatives by determining the most appropriate turf management and environmental conditions. Cultivars that are growing relatively stress-free will be less bothered by insects, weeds, and diseases and will require less pesticide inputs.

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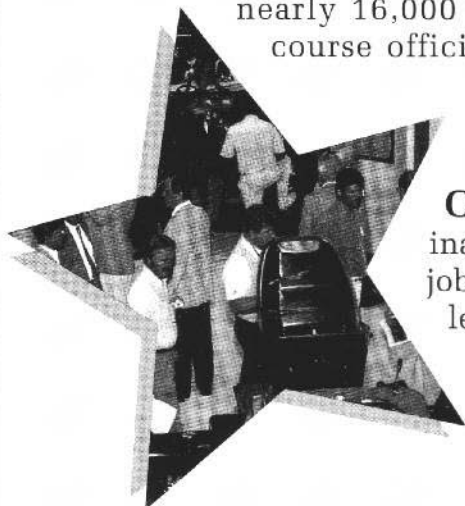
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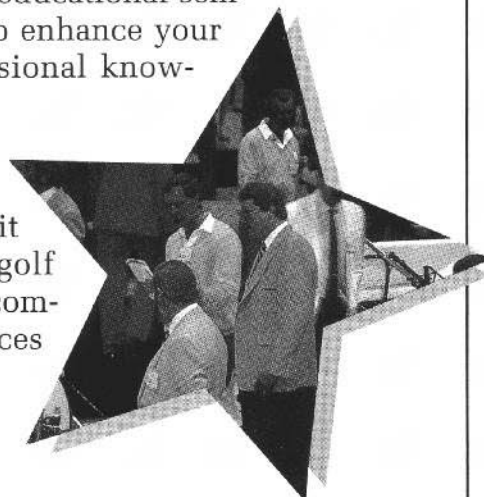
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Low Budget Superintendents

By Monroe S. Miller

It was a concession to Ole Swenson. He'd been begging us for a long time to meet at the Cafe Norway for a little lunch.

Ole's the owner and hands-on operator of The Norse Golf Club. He's a real life example of what hard work and perseverance can do for a person. He bought a little nine hole course in the hills west of town two-plus decades ago, and today it is a popular place for a lot of our city's public golfers.

To me, Ole's one of those guys who always kept his eyes on the prize. After many years of "getting by", he is now enjoying some real prosperity. All the area superintendents are real proud of him.

The best way to describe the Cafe Norway is 'rustic.' Fortunately it is clean and we'd heard the chow is good. Even though a lot of us don't eat at our clubhouses very often, we are around them a lot. Most are elegant and beautiful. Given that, the Cafe Norway raised a few eyebrows as we drove into the parking lot.

But we trusted Ole. He opened the door and literally strutted in, obviously wearing his pride like a blue ribbon.

Ole's taken advantage of the politically correct atmosphere of the capital city, telling us "you guys have a responsibility to support minority businesses like The Norse Golf Club and the Cafe Norway. Norwegians have been kept down too long. We are rising up!"

"The NAPN (National Association for the Promotion of Norwegians) wants to see at least one person of Norwegian blood on each golf course crew from now on," Ole crowed.

"Hey, Ole," hollered Steady Eddie Middleton from across the restaurant. "Are you buying lunch today?"

"Only if you're ordering a big plate of lutefisk," came Ole's immediate reply. "By the way, there's a plate of imported Norwegian goat milk cheese for you guys to enjoy with your Garten Brau," he added.

The collective groan was expected. "Norwegian goat cheese in

America's dairyland? You've got to be kidding us, right Ole?" came the reply from Bogey Calhoun.

He wasn't. No sooner had Bogey asked the question than a waitress brought a plate of smelly brown cheese imported from Norway.

Ole was the only one to help himself.

All the guys ordered a safe meal, not knowing what to expect from some of the entrees on Cafe Norway's menu. But it seemed to most that even a "Norwegian" hamburger would be a safe bet.

I sat back to watch and listen to the goings on. It was very obvious that his colleagues liked Ole a whole lot. At the bottom of that affection was a lot of respect.

Whenever a group of golf course superintendents get together, there is the inevitable "shop talk." Today was no different.

The talk in the Cafe Norway was about budgets. In fact, grumbling might better describe the conversation.

The men who were at the bigger budget clubs seemed to be doing most of the grouching. Even the even-tempered Tom Morris was complaining.

"It seems the more we give our members, the more services we provide, the more they complain," said the long time superintendent of Maple Leaf CC.

"I know what you mean," added Billie Flagstick. "We've been trimming and grooming Pumpkin Hollow for a week and a half, and still I'm getting criticism. The greens are too slow, there clumps of clippings on the fairways and some members called me about some broadleaf weeds in the rough between the third and fourth holes."

"Well, I had the green committee chairman call me about "spots" on several of our fairways," said Jack Morley. "He was wondering what we were going to do about them."

"It sounds like the skies aren't always blue at the Blue Sky Country Club," I responded, thinking it was a cute line.

Jack didn't. The scowl on his face told me he didn't think I was funny.

"Frankly, Ole, I don't know how you guys at smaller budget golf courses do it," lamented Billie, "keeping players happy with a lot less money that I have to manage Pumpkin Hollow Country Club."

I was very aware of what the boys were discussing. Often I think back to a few summers ago when we had a WGCSA meeting at the Kickapoo Valley Golf Club. It was at the height of the golf and grass season and the KVCC looked absolutely super.

Gil Crawford won me as a fan for life. He had that KVCC golf course in prime condition, and had done it with fewer employees and less money than most of us at the courses in and round the larger cities in Wisconsin. I could hardly wait to get to work the next day and start pushing even harder for even better conditions.

Our waitress brought the meals to our tables. Someone—I think it was Oscar Bahl—asked her if we could call her Lena.

"No," came the curt reply. "You can call me Mrs. Peterson."

She had probably heard every Norwegian joke ever told and wasn't in the mood for more of the same from us.

As we passed the dinner rolls we ticked off the courses that came to mind that were lower budget but good quality golf courses—The Old Settlers Club, Snowflake Golf and Ski Club, Grand Coulee Country Club and the Autumn Color Golf Club. Jimmie Brickner, Kevin Green, Arnie Ford and Dave Marker all were worthy of the same respect we were feeling for Ole.

Those courses represented about every conceivable condition you'd find on a Wisconsin golf course—uplands and marsh, public and private, old construction and new, north and south and east and west. Each superintendent seemed to be pulling tricks out of his hat to keep the course he was responsible for in really good playing condition. Each managed the peculiar conditions dealt him with relatively modest money and a whole lot of shrewd management and a lot of work.

"What's your secret, Ole?" Obey asked.

Ole took the question as it was intended, with sincere and serious interest. He contemplated a few moments before answering.

"A long time ago I figured out that money cannot buy you happiness. About the same time I also realized that money doesn't necessarily buy good golf course conditions," Ole replied. "That attitude has driven my decisions on the golf course for over two decades."

Ole's philosophizing held the guys in rapt attention; their food was getting cold, but nobody seemed to care.

"I gotta be honest," Ole went on. "It helps to have the frugal nature of a Norwegian. Or a Scotsman. It's in our nature to be cautious about how we part with a buck."

"Hey Ole, you know you've just confessed to our often repeated charge that you have deep pockets and short arms, don't you?" asked Steady Eddie. The guys howled.

"It was never my intention to have the best golf course around, but I always wanted the Norse Golf Club to be very respectable and fun to play. I think I have done that."

His friends' eyes were fixed on Ole. So were mine. Ole was enjoying his audience's attention.

He went on. "Attitude—your attitude—counts for a lot. I'd be broke and out of business if I worried about 'keeping up with the Jones'." My focus is my course, my shop, my equipment. I don't really give a darn about what you guys are doing or buying. I do my own thing and that's it." Ole finally stopped.

I pushed away from the table and tipped my chair back on its two hind legs. "I've got to confess that I get far more satisfaction from providing competitive conditions for less money than I ever would from spending a truckload of money for the same.

"Too many superintendents somehow place emphasis on budget size. It's the same attitude that creeps in with green speed. Somehow you're better, in the minds of some, if your greens are ultrafast or if you have pressed a major budget through the club hierarchy.

"Both are bogus." I gave each of my colleagues a quick glance. Nobody seemed offended although a couple did avoid eye contact.

"You are right on," Ole said. "I've been subjected to that same sense of 'second class' many times, as if it is inferior to be operating a lower budgeted golf course."

I felt inspired to continue.

"It's been my observation that oftentimes, at clubs with a lot of resources,

money is used to solve everything. Got some trouble? Throw more cash at it and it will go away.

"And it often does. But the cost/benefit ratio is so out of whack that you have to question the sanity of those involved.

"One thing is pretty certain—too often money is the substitute for good management."

I was a little surprised when Tom Morris cleared his throat. He obviously had something to say. I was a little apprehensive since he was running the biggest budget in the city.

"I agree with you, totally. Superintendents at courses with smaller budgets often work harder and smarter to compete with courses like mine. I really respect them. They do the job with fewer employees and less equipment and less material."

"I've noticed they handle the critical, basic tasks as well as we do. They don't have the resources to do the extras, but frequently those extras have little to do with an enjoyable round of golf." Tom's humility and open attitude showed a sincere man.

Bogey Calhoun was next. The Shady Dell Country Club was right up near the top of the budget category.

"I give guys like Ole credit for something else—good communication. Players at their clubs have a lot of pride, despite lower course budgets. They have accepted conditions they can afford, and have not insisted on those they might see elsewhere which they cannot afford. I think the golf course superintendents involved do a wonderful job of communicating priorities."

Billie had been fidgeting in his chair, waiting for a chance to speak his piece.

"One of our colleagues—you all know the pompous ass—once told my assistant before I hired him that his career would advance a lot faster if he took employment at a big club instead of a middle level budget course. He went on to disdain any thought of opting for a position as superintendent at a lower budget course because it wouldn't be a good learning experience. Of course, he is an arrogant idiot for holding such an insecure attitude."

The testimonials continued through lunch.

Only at the Cafe Norway would you have lefse for dessert. Or a piece of rhubarb pie.

Ole was in such a good mood; he bought the lefse. It must've been pretty good—everybody had some. A couple of us had the rhubarb pie our wives never bake.

And they didn't eat it out of deference to Ole. We all love the guy and greatly respect him; his eager professionalism is envied.

But leave it to Bogey to put the final touch on the gathering: "Ole, you do a pretty decent job despite your handicap."

"What handicap?" was Ole's curious reply.

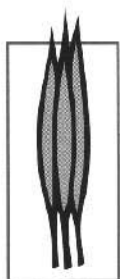
"You're a Norwegian! That's quite a load a carry around!"

"See you all at the Syttende Mai celebration," came the happy reply from Ole.

With a hearty laugh, the guys got up from the tables. We paid our bill, left Mrs. Peterson a tip and walked out of the Cafe Norway together, obviously very much enjoying one another's company.

And then we headed back to work. 🍷





First Impressions: 1993 Field Day

By Scott MacIntosh

Thanks to everyone, Field Day '93 will be remembered as a "packed house," with great participation and fantastic support for the ongoing research efforts here at the O.J. Noer Turfgrass Research Facility. The 13-acre Research Facility was "busting at the seams" with local industry displaying the latest products and machinery. Gary Richards, Assistant Superintendent at Maple Bluff Country Club, orchestrated the parking which spilled over close to the impressive looking research area (is it time to get more land?). Everything ran smoothly thanks in large part to Tom Harrison, Monroe Miller, Gary Richards, Tom Schwab, and the Staff at the O.J. Noer Turfgrass Research Facility working together.

As part of the itinerary, Professors Chuck Koval, Wayne Kussow and Frank Rossi, research specialist Catherine Smejkal, graduate students Chris Bulinger, Mike Carlson, and Steve Millet; and summer help, Mike Kosmak, presented research and answered questions from an interested and insightful audience.

After a generous lunch, in which I had my first and second and almost third bratwurst, donations from the trade show exhibitors were auctioned off and many lucky people left with some nice purchases.

I can say confidently that Field Day 1993 was a big success. Dr. Rossi will be distributing evaluation forms in the mail to about 20% of the attendees. Be sure to send us your comments as we strive to improve each year. To all those who could not make it this year, make room in your calendars for August 16, 1994!

Maintenance Log

The last couple of weeks in August around here reminded me of typical Southern New England weather—hazy, hot, and humid. Warm humid night temperatures and hot sticky day

temperatures jump-started *Pythium*, *Rhizoctonia solani*, and even *Puccinia gaminis* on newly seeded endophytic ryegrass, Kentucky bluegrass, and a Kentucky bluegrass-tall fescue mix. In response, curative applications of fungicides were made to all newly established turf stands to relieve disease pressures. Additionally, a mature stand of bentgrass cultivars was infected with *Rhizoctonia solani* and left untreated to observe any cultivar differences in response to the invasion. Needless to say, the cool weather brought a welcome relief from warm weather disease pressure.

What's New?

Everyone here at the Noer Facility is making use of the fall season to initiate research. Dr. Wayne Kussow is studying factors regulating bentgrass spring response to a dormant application of Milorganite and is installing lysimeters in the Turfgrass Runoff and Leaching Study. Dr. Chuck Koval is evaluating 20 perennials (i.e. Astilbe, Bugleweed, Coral Bellies...Yarrow) for their potential use on golf courses and is also working in conjunction with Dr. Julie Meyer by investigating the resistance of endophytic grasses to insects and diseases. Dr. Julie Meyer will also

be evaluating the effect of commercial organic fertilizers and compost amendments on the development of turf diseases and continue work on the management of gray snow mold.

Meanwhile Dr. Frank Rossi is getting ready to establish National Fine Fescue and Bentgrass Evaluations, along with various winter variety trials. In our spare time, we are working on getting construction underway with two 2,500 sq. ft. greens—one native soil and one meeting most of the USGA specifications.

Next time you stop by the Noer Facility do not be surprised to find a new bookshelf as you walk into the foyer which will contain updated information from the WTA meetings, turf magazines, and other relevant information. This spring a billboard adjacent to the front door of the facility will be built to contain current information on research being conducted and its location on the turf plots.

Everyone at O.J. Noer Turfgrass Research Facility is dedicated to assisting the turfgrass industry (i.e. homeowners, lawn care professionals, sales representatives, superintendents, etc.) Therefore, if there is anything we can help you with please do not hesitate to call 608-845-6536. Also, for up-to-date turfgrass information please call 1-608-845-TURF.

On a personal note, I would like to thank everyone here at the O.J. Noer Turfgrass Research Facility, the Wisconsin Turfgrass Association, and the local turfgrass industry for welcoming me and my family to the beautiful state of Wisconsin. 🍷

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The Quest For “Not Too Bad”

By Pat Norton

A quest, by my definition, is a search or a trek in search of something magical or mystical. In other seasons on Wisconsin's golf courses, the quest is for perfection. We are all continually striving for perfect playing conditions for our golfers. When we do have a golf course that nears perfection, it is indeed a magical, mystical sight.

The trouble is, gentlemen, that perfect playing conditions are damn near impossible to continually provide! Take this fall, for example. My quest has certainly not been for “perfection”. In this autumn season of scarce help, wet weather, and dark and frosty mornings, my quest is for “not too bad”.

The quest for “not too bad” includes a daily diet of morning chores (with the same three or four people), basic mowing only, no extra projects please, and the repeated weekend scramble of conditioning the course to some semblance of its summer peak.

The quest also includes doing the work of 12 men with a staff of five, trying desperately to finish greens aerification (when you know damn well that you should have finished long ago), or even listening patiently to a request from some member about the need for additional divot mix boxes for the ladies tees! Oh, please!

The quest is also about one man operating four different machines in a day, or wishing that one guy could operate four different machines simultaneously! Or how about giving an employee four different consecutive jobs that are all considered “morning chores”? The result is that cups get changed in the afternoons, while sand bunkers get raked about twice a week—if we are lucky.

The “not too bad” attitude is one of seeing how much work can be produced with a pint-sized crew. The end result is that all autumn long we're faced with a golf course that's not toooooo bad!

I'm sitting here writing this out near our 12th green at 2:15 p.m. The fairways are almost dry enough to mow now—the sun hasn't really shone for days. When I finish this thought I'll go get Justin started on fairway mowing—after I pull him off of the rotary mower. Not enough grass out there in late September to keep a rotary mower going all day long, don't you know? Keeping my fingers crossed, I'm soon hoping that our fairways will soon look “not too bad”.

Hey, now the sun's really breaking through! Not too bad, eh? Greens are looking better than they have in weeks—not too bad! That old fella's chip shot to within six feet? Not too bad! That new waitress in the clubhouse? Not too bad at all!

Gary, our assistant golf course superintendent, and Herb Sr. screwed up the last load of fairway fertilizer after I had to leave the property yesterday. That's bad. That's real bad! Sometimes my “not too bad” attitude gets away from me and I get upset. The “not too bad” philosophy allows only for labor shortages and poor weather—things beyond our control. There's no room for people not listening and following instructions. “It's this fertilizer pile back here, Herb, which has an analysis of 22—0—22, not this front pile with its 8—4—28 analysis. Got it?” Seven bags of the wrong fertilizer got used, which is “not too bad”, though...

Gee, golly, look at all of that muddy golf car damage that happened on our juicy golf course yesterday during the outing. Their golf cars did make some damage, but it's “not too bad” when considering the revenue generated from the golf cars and the outings. And surely we'll be out there the very next day filling in those ruts and repairing those worn areas, as the ignorant types always suggest! Not—not time for that!

I rejoice these days when we do get up to eight people out on the course,

manicuring this meadow so it'll be “not too bad”. Hey, here come a few more recruits and reinforcements! A free-thinking superintendent should surely just ask them as they drive in, “which idle mower would you like to mount up on, Tex? You have a choice of about six different mowing jobs that await you. Maybe if you really hurry, all six jobs can be completed before dark, OK?”

I really feel bad for those older golfers in the fall. The rough, especially along the fairway edge, is so green, so thick, so long! I watch with some pity as they try to blast out of the jungle and oftentimes think, “not too bad”. That shot must have gone at least 50 yards. I guess there's no need to cut there for the next week—it's getting too easy out here!

The quest for “not too bad” does work well in the fall of the year. During the other seasons it just doesn't measure up, I've found. During the autumn we have an excuse—we're just trying to hold it all together until the end of the season. Springtime finds us in somewhat the same position, although it only last for four to six weeks, not the 10 to 12 weeks as in the fall.

And in the springtime the attitude is “go get ‘em, Tiger” instead of “not too bad”. We have employees who begin showing up in February wanting to know when they can start working, whereas in the fall we have reluctant employees who want to leave on weekends right after those “morning chores”—football games, bowhunting, studying and other jobs all await our formerly very dedicated staff members.

The quest for “not too bad” works temporarily for many superintendents, mainly out of necessity. A permanent mindset of “not too bad” can lead to trouble, even to unemployment. Then my quest would change from “not too bad” to “looking for employment”! 🍂



Another "TOP 10 COURSES" List To Ponder

By Rob Schultz

We're all in love with lists. Pick up a magazine or a newspaper and many of us are immediately attracted to the stories or columns that deal with the best and worst of anything from grocery stores to, yes, golf courses.

What we must remember is that all lists are subjective. What might make your top 10 list, or David Letterman's top 10 list, might not even earn any recognition in somebody else's top 10 list. Case in point: *GolfDigest* magazine's latest list of the top 10 courses in each state. The listing of what the magazine's researchers consider the best courses in Wisconsin was, in this writer's opinion, a joke.

In case you missed it, the top 10 courses in Wisconsin, according to *GolfDigest*, were, in order:

1. Blackwolf Run (River)
2. Milwaukee Country Club
3. University Ridge
4. Blackwolf Run (Meadow)
5. SentryWorld
6. Geneva National (Palmer)
7. Maple Bluff
8. Oneida Golf and Riding Club
9. Geneva National (Trevino)
10. Lawsonia Links

Hmm. It seems the *GolfDigest* researchers spent more time studying who designed the courses rather than their layouts and conditioning. There's no question that each of those aforementioned courses are outstanding in their own right, but I feel at least five of them should have been substituted for better ones. And the order of the others who stayed on the list is all wrong.

How can Blackwolf Run's River Course rank No. 1 when *GolfDigest* researchers are supposed to put such a premium on playability? *GolfDigest* gives high marks for resistance to scoring, but I think the system is flawed because it only considers how tough a course is to play for a scratch player rather than including mid- or high-handicappers. After all, 98 percent of all golfers rank in the mid- to high-handicapper range and the list should

take them into account.

There isn't a course in this state less playable for the average golfer than the River Course, a brutal Pete Dye layout that loves to drive you to distraction by creating so many impossible situations. The River Course is gorgeous and the conditioning superb, but it loses points with me because it offers few opportunities for most golfers to score well.

Another question I have regards how University Ridge can rank No. 3, or the Geneva National courses Nos. 6 and 9 when their immature greens—and, in the case of Geneva National, their rock hard, immature fairways—don't even rank with the state's mediocre courses in terms of conditioning. They're just too young to compete with the likes of outstanding courses like Blue Mound, Ozaukee, Meadowbrook, Racine Country Club, Kenosha Country Club, West Bend Country Club, Tuckaway Country Club, Janesville Country Club, Butte des Morts Country Club, North Shore Country Club, Lake Arrowhead, Blackhawk Country Club and Merrill Hills. All those courses should be ranked higher than University Ridge or the Geneva National courses—at this point.

And in terms of fairness of layouts, SentryWorld isn't even in the same universe with most of the top 50 courses in the state. I think it made *GolfDigest*'s top 10 list only because of its reputation...and its flower bed. Sorry, but that's not enough to make my list.

Speaking of my list (you knew I was getting around to that, didn't you?), I used a different kind of criteria than *GolfDigest* to reach my conclusions. First, I had to either walk, or play, the course. Second, I had to like the course I walked or played. Third, and extremely important, I had to feel the course was fair and playable for all handicaps. Fourth, I placed the highest premium on conditioning. Fifth, I placed a high premium on esthetics.

Without further fanfare, here's the

Sports Page 1993 Top 10 courses in Wisconsin list:

1. Milwaukee Country Club
2. Blue Mound Golf and Country Club
3. Blackwolf Run (River)
4. Oneida Golf and Riding Club
5. Maple Bluff Country Club
6. Ozaukee Country Club
7. Tuckaway Country Club
8. West Bend Country Club
9. Brown County Golf Club
10. Lawsonia Links

The biggest oversight in the *GolfDigest* list was Blue Mound. Anybody that knows anything about golf in this state understands just how great a course Blue Mound is. Some feel it's better than Milwaukee Country Club.

But that's a bit of a stretch. In terms of playability, esthetics, conditioning and just about every other category you can dream up, Milwaukee Country Club stands out in this state like Pine Valley stands out among the country's best. There is no substitute.

Oneida, meanwhile, is the best course in the northeast part of the state and offers a fun, yet extremely challenging layout. It's only competition in that area is Brown County, which daily-fee golfers say is every bit as good as the private courses. They're right. But they still change their minds when any of them gets the opportunity to play Oneida. That's how good Oneida is. *GolfDigest* wronged Oneida, as well as Maple Bluff, by ranking them so low on its list.

Finally, I feel Ozaukee, Tuckaway and West Bend country clubs are the best of the rest. All three scored huge points for their conditioning and all three, in my opinion, have layouts as strong as those that I replaced from the *GolfDigest* list.

There are so many others that deserve recognition, too. And that desire to make somebody's list is what drives some superintendents or other golf course staffers to keep working hard to improve their courses. For that reason alone, lists are good. Just don't take them as gospel. They're subjective. Opinion.

Remember the good words of Sir Robert Peel, who said: "Public opinion is a compound of folly, weakness, prejudice, wrong feeling, right feeling, obstinacy, and newspaper paragraphs."

Nice list, Bob. 🍷



He Likes People, Not Bugs

by Lori Ward Bocher

With his striking appearance and way with words, Chuck Koval might have made it in Washington. Or Hollywood. But he never left Wisconsin. Why?

He's held two different administrative positions at the University of Wisconsin-Madison. But Chuck Koval is glad to be back in the Department of Entomology. Why?

There's no single answer to the above questions. But, based on my visit with Chuck Koval, I think it might be because being an Extension entomologist gives him the opportunity to do what he likes best—helping people. And Chuck Koval has always been one to seize the right opportunity.

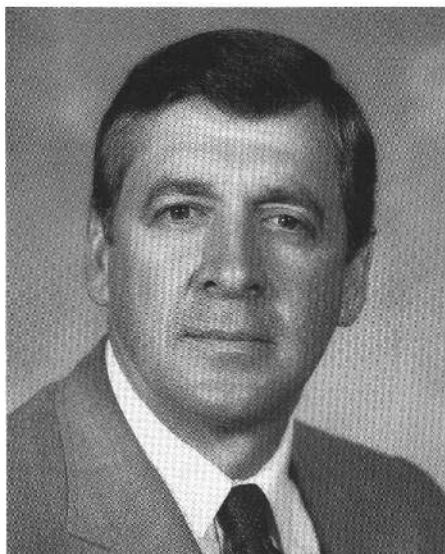
Some would think that there weren't a lot of opportunities for a farm boy growing up in Ino, Wisconsin, in Bayfield County. But just a short drive away in Ashland is Northland College, a small liberal arts school that Koval attended for one year. Then he married and returned to the family dairy operation.

His new wife quickly sensed that he should be back in college. Three weeks after fall classes had started, she called and asked if he still could enroll. Not only did they let him enroll, but they gave him financial assistance, too. "If it hadn't been for Northland, I never would have gone to college," Koval admitted.

Koval graduated from Northland in 1960 with a biology major and hopes of becoming a teacher. But he couldn't find the right job. "When I was offered teaching jobs in locations that I didn't want to go to, I decided I could make more money being a dairy farmer in Bayfield County," he recalled.

But he didn't return to the farm. "I went on for my masters with the idea of being better prepared to teach in a specialized area and to reach a livable salary," he explained. "If I was going to do anything with further education, it was going to be in areas in which I wanted to work."

At the suggestion of one of his pro-



fessors, Koval decided to pursue a degree in entomology. He applied, and was accepted, at Michigan State, Florida State and Wisconsin. "If you're sitting in a small house along Highway 2 in Bayfield County in January and you get the campus information from Florida State, it looks awfully appealing," Koval recalled. "And I would have been working in turf research there. But at that point in my life I couldn't imagine that there would be a need to research turf."

Another factor kept him from going to Florida State or Michigan State. "My wife and I found that we didn't have enough money to get out of state," he pointed out. "So we opted to come to Madison because it was affordable. And if we needed to retreat to the farm, we could always get there on one full tank of gas." Wisconsin retained its native son.

After earning his MS in entomology, Koval's major professor offered him a chance to go on for a PhD by studying the cereal leaf beetle, a new insect problem in the midwest. "I really hadn't planned on doing that at the time, but it was a tremendous opportunity for me," he said. "I was asked to go over to Michigan to gain some knowledge and work on the cereal leaf beetle so

that, when it got to Wisconsin, we would be prepared."

And that's what he did for the next three years. "I will always be complimentary of my major professor for giving me that opportunity," Koval pointed out. "Coming from a small liberal arts school in northern Wisconsin to a major research university, I didn't have exposure to a lot of the things you need to conduct research. My major professor was most helpful to me."

In 1965, as he was finishing up the field portion of his research, the entomology department asked him if he would be willing to serve as an interim Extension entomologist while another professor was on assignment in Africa. "I thought, tremendous. That would be a great opportunity," he recalled.

And so he was quickly immersed into the world of Dutch elm disease and pesticide issues that were at the forefront during those years. He also entered the turf arena for the first time. "It was a very active period for a new person who hadn't worked in those areas before," he said. It was so active that he had to take a month off in 1966 to write his thesis and take his finals.

After two years, the entomology department asked him to remain in the interim position one more year. "I agreed, but told them I would be looking for other opportunities in the meantime. I had learned all I could in this job," Koval said.

It was then that he came very close to taking a job in industry—a position to oversee entomological research with a major pesticide company in California. "The February day I was to fly to California for an interview, there was a major midwestern snowstorm," he recalled. "I couldn't get a plane out of Madison or Chicago. Things were pretty well closed down."

"As I sat at my kitchen table, I said, 'I don't need this at this stage in my life. If I want to go into industry, I can do that at some other point in my life. Right now I would prefer to pursue an Extension orientated career with an applied research component to it.'" Once again, Wisconsin retained its native son—with a little help from the weather.

Koval also looked at jobs with other universities, but eventually the UW entomology department was able to create a permanent position for him. "I

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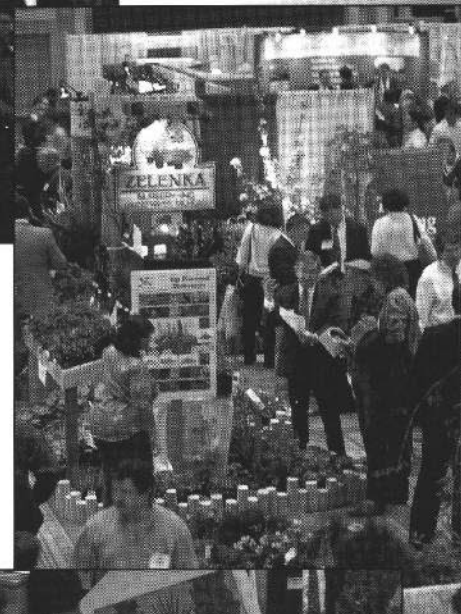
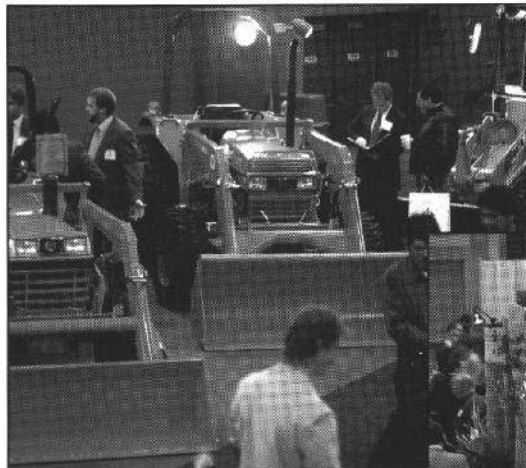
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